6d.

AN ODE ON THE DEATH OF King William III.

——Sed omneis una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via leti.
Lib. Carm. 1. Ode 28.

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AN ODE ON THE DEATH OF King William III.

I.

GReat *WILLIAM*, to the Shades of *Death* (confin'd?
The Univerſal *Darling* of Mankind,
Alas! *He* is.— The *Good*, the *Brave*,
By *Him*, we ſee muſt fall
From Noble *Glory's* lofty *Pinacle*,
A *Vaſſal* to the *Grave*.

For

For *whom* emaſculating *Sighs* and *Groans*,
From *Subjects*, and Exotick *Thrones*,
Muſt needs thro' Floods of *ſorrow* wade,
For the too fatal *Loſs*,
Of that ſtout *Monarch*, who ſo ſuddenly
Bow'd his moſt Royal Head to Deſtiny.

II.

Cœleſtial *Pow'rs*, how unconcern'd you ſeem'd!
For that which *EUROPE* moſt eſteem'd;
No dire *Eclipſe*, or blazing *Star*,
Preſag'd the Death of this Illuſtrious *King*,
To whom the *God* of *War*,
Did often *Io Pæan* ſing;
No *Deluge*, no, nor *Hurricane*,
Deſtructive *Thunder* or unuſual *Rain*,
Did not his too too early *Death* proclaim;
Nature was ſtill the ſame,
In her old wonted *courſe* went on,
As if ſome common thing were done.
But when the Founder of old *Rome* expir'd,
When the *Pellean* Youth reſign'd his Breath,
And when the great *Dictator* ſtoop'd to Death,
Nature in *Pannick Fears* retir'd,
Amaz'd ſhe ſtarted when ſhe ſaw,
The Breaches of her antient *Law*,
Which kept the *World* in aw;

For

For Men leſs brave than *him*, her Heart did ake,
The labouring *Earth* did quake,
And Trees their fixt *Foundations* did forſake;
Nature in ſome prodigious way,
Gave notice of their *fatal* Day.
Thoſe *leſſer Griefs* with pain ſhe thus expreſt,
This did confound, and overwhelm her Breſt.

III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your ſelves ſecure,
And from your mouldring Thrones look down,
By *him* you ſee your Pomp can't long endure,
The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own;
You are but *Tributaries* to his dreadful Crown;
Renown'd, *Serene*, *Imperial*, moſt *Auguſt*,
Are only high and mighty *Epithites* for Duſt,
In vain, in vain ſo high
Our tow'ring expectations fly,
While th' Bloſſoms of our Hopes, ſo freſh, ſo gay,
Appear, and promiſe Fruit, then fade away.
From ſacred *WIlliam*'s ever Valiant Hands
What did we not *believe*?
We dream't of yet *unconquer'd Lands*
He to this *Iſle* could give,
And *Neighbouring Crowns* retrieve;

Expected that he would in *Triumph* come,
Laden again with Spoils from *Flanders* home,
As if our *Hero*'s Years
Were as unbounded as our fond Desires.

IV.

Lament, lament, you that dare *Honour* love,
And court her at a noble rate,
Your *Prowess* to approve,
That dare religiously upon *her* wait,
And blush not to grow Good, when you grow (Great,
Such Mourners suit *his* Vertue, such *his* State.
And you, brave Souls, who for your Country's (good
Did wond'rous things in *Fields* and *Seas* of Blood,
Lament th' undaunted *Chief* that led you on;
Whose exemplary *Courage* could inspire
The most degenerated Heart, with Martial-*Eng-* (*lish* Fire.
Your bleeding *Wounds* who shall hereafter
With an indulgent Tenderness; (dress
Toucht with a melting Sympathy,
Who shall your wants supply?
Since *he*, your good *Samaritan*, is gone.

O *Charity!* Thou richeſt Boon of Heaven,
To Man in Pity given!
(For when well meaning Mortals give,
The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve)
Thou mak'ſt us with *Alacrity* to die,
Miſst and bewail'd like his late ſacred Majeſty.

V.

Now bluſh thy Self into Confuſion,
Dutch Ariſtocracy;
With Indignation to be trampled on
By them that court *Eternity*,
Whoſe generous Deeds, and proſperous State
Seem poorly ſet within the reach of *Fate*,
Whoſe every *Trophy*, and each *Lawrel VVreath*
Depends upon a little Breath;
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of *Time*,
And of incertain *Age*,
With doubtful hazards they engage,
Thrown down, while Victory bids them higher (climb;
Their Glories are eclips'd by *Death*.
Hard Circumſtances of all Royal Men
VVhom Nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detains
VVithin the Bodies Chains
(Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*)
Stout

Stout *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous Rage
Of that insulting Conquerour,
Bravely himself usurp'd his own expiring Power,
By dashing out his *Brains* against his *Iron Cage*.

VI.

But 'tis incident to complain,
And wretched Mortals curse their Stars in vain,
In vain they waste their *Tears* for them that die,
Themselves involv'd in the same *Destiny*,
No more with *Sorrow* let it then be said
The glorious *William*, brave *Nassau* is Dead;
Let what is said of *him* triumphant be,
VVords as gay as his *Fame*,
And as manly as his *Name*,
VVords as ample as his *Praise*,
And as verdant as his *Bays*,
An *Epinicion*, not an *Elegy*.
Yet why should'st thou, ambitious *Muse* believe
Thy gloomy *Verse*, can any Splendors give,
Or make him one small Moment longer live?
Nothing but what is *vulgar* thou canst say;
Or misbecoming Numbers sing,
VVhat *Tribute* to his *Memory* canst thou pay
VVhose *Vertue* made poor *England* Crown him
(*King*?

VII.

VII.

Some Months distressed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-spring torn,
Once the *Worlds* Terror, then its Scorn,
At home a Prison, and abroad a Prey:
Her loyal Subjects very oft did kill,
And mutual *Blood* did spill,
Jesuits then, and many a Popish *Peer*
Within her Pallaces did domineer;
There did the *Vulture* build his Nest,
There the *Owls*, and *Satyrs* rest,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all possest,
Till *England*'s Angel Guardian, *Thou*,
With Pity and with Anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd.
(*Lawrel Chapplets* on thy *Brow*)
With valiant Hands upheld'st her drooping Head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dst her from the dead.
Bright Phospher to the rising Sun!
That blessed Peace, by *Thee* did first appear
Usher'd into our happy Hemisphere;
O may it still shine bright and clear!
No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a con-
(stant Noon.

VIII.

Nor thus did thy undaunted *Valour* ceaſe;
Or wither with unactive *Peace:*
Scarce were our inteſtine *Broyls* allay'd,
When of our new Proſperities afraid
Our *Perjur'd Neighbour* fatal Arms prepar'd;
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near,
Loud did the *Gallick* Lyon roar,
Upon our Coaſts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durſt attempt our Native ſhore,
Till *his* victorious Squadrons checkt his Pride,
And did in Triumph o'e the *Ocean* ride.
With *Thunder*, *Lightning*, and with Clouds of *Smoak*
He did his *Inſolence* reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the Main;
Whoſe ſurly *Billows* trembled when he ſpoke,
And put their willing Necks under his Yoke;
This the ſtupendious *Vanquiſher* has done,
Whoſe high Prerogative it was alone
To raiſe a *ruin'd* and *deſerted Throne.*

IX.

IX.

When *Heav'n* did on *Ireland* frown,
From whence the Plagues of *Mavors* tumbled down,
Which Lamentations caus'd to riſe,
Baleful Sighs, and heavy Groans,
Dreadful Shrieks, and pit'ous Moans;
Death's Iron Scepter bore the Sway,
Over that wretched *Golgotha*,
Yet *he* with kind, tho' unconcerned Eyes,
Durſt go and ſee thoſe numerous *Tragedies*.
He in the Field had ſeen Death's greiſly ſhape,
Heard him in Vollies talk aloud,
Beheld his Grandeur in a glittering Croud,
And unamaz'd ſeen him in *Cannons* gape:
Ever unterrified his *Valour* ſtood,
Like ſome firm Rock amidſt a Sea of Blood:
'Twas *Valour* kept his Perſon from the Sword,
And *Pity* Peace to *Ireland* afford.

X.

Confederate Princes next implor'd his Aid,
And ſeaſonably pray'd
His Force againſt a *Foe* whom *Slaves* obey'd,
Wide did th' impetuous Torrent ſpread,
Then men in many Countries fell,

Temples

Temples and Houſes promiſcuouſly there
He burnt, and in the Ruins buried were,
Cities turn'd into one *Mongibel*:
The *Gallick* Tyrant ſhook his Head,
His Face with Vengeance black, his Face with Fury red.

Then every Cheek grew wan and pale,
Every Heart did yield and fail,
Nought but thy *Preſence* could *French* Power ſuppreſs,

Thy Sword which *Chriſtendom* did bleſs,
As forreign Nations do in greatneſs riſe,
Together ſhall *his* Memory grow,
To *whom* their *Bleſſings* they ſo much do owe,
Belgia, joynt Fav'rite with *him* thou wert,
As both poſſeſt a Room within one *Heart*,
So now with *Europe*'s other *Princes* joyn,
To weep his *Loſs*, till *Tears* exceed the *Rhine*.

XI.

Thus did *Naſſau* perform his mighty Stage,
Thus did the *Atlas* of our State,
While *Worlds* of wonders on his *Shoulders* ſate;
More full of Glories, than of Years,
He trod his ſhining and immortal way,
Whilſt *Albion* compaſs'd with new Floods of *Tears*
Beſought his longer ſtay. *Prophane*

Prophane that *Pen* that dares deſcribe thy *Bliſs*,
Or write thine *Apotheoſis* !
VVhom *Heaven* and *Mankind* to pleaſure ſtrove,
Entruſted with their *Armies* and their *Love*.

XII.

How muſt it chill their *Souls* to ſee *Thee* lie
Strugling with *Pangs* in thy laſt *Agony* !
When with a manly *Courage* thou didſt brave
Approaching *Death*, and with a ſteddy *Mind*
(Ever averſe to be confin'd)
Didſt *Triumph* or'e the Grave.
Thou mad'ſt no womaniſh Moan,
But ſcorn'dſt to give one *Groan*.
His *Vertue* ſhew'd he did not fear to die,
But to the laſt deſpis'd his *Deſtiny*.

XIII.

Among the *Gods*, thoſe *Gods* that dy'd like *thee*,
As great as theirs and full of *Majeſty*
Thy *ſacred Duſt* ſhall ſleep ſecure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There, free from *Envy*, *thou* with them,
Shalt have thy ſhare of *Diadem* ;

Among their *Badges* ſhall be ſet
The *Trophies* which thy *Sword* did get;
Or (which is ſtatelier) *thou* ſhalt have
A *Mauſoleum* in thy *Subjects* Breſt,
There thine embalmed *Name* ſhall reſt,
That Sanctuary ſhall *thee* ſave,
From the Diſhonours of a Regal Grave:
And every wondr'ous *Hiſtory*,
Read by incredulous *Poſterity*
Shall honourably mention *thee*,
Who by a faithful Love has ſhown,
With how much *Gallantry*, and high *Renown*
You have *defended* the *Britannick* Crown.

XIV.

And muſt we take our ſolemn leave
Till *Time* ſhall be no more!
Can neither *Sighs*, nor *Tears*, nor *Prayers* retrieve
One chearful *Hour*!
Muſt one unlucky *Moment* ſever
Us and our *Hopes*, Us and our *Joys* for ever!---
Is this cold *Clod* of Earth, that endear'd *Thing*

We

We lately did our *Sovereign* call?
Is this the Royal *Body* that might vie
With all the *Sons* of Bravery
And overpow'r them all!
Is this the sacred comprehensive *Head*
With curious *Wit* so richly furnished?
Alas *Thou*, and thy Glories all are gone,
Buried in Darkness, not *Oblivion*.
'Tis so—And we must follow *thee*
To view agen thy Glorious Majesty!

XV.

Arise ye blest Inhabitants above,
From your immortal Seats arise,
And on our Wonder, on our Love
Gaze with astonisht Eyes.
Arise! Arise! Make Room,
Th' exalted *Shade* is come.
See where he comes! What princely Port he bears!
How *God-like* he appears!
With *Wreaths* of everlasting *Lawrels* bound:
As from the bloody Field of *Landau* Fight he came,
Where he out-fought th' *Hyperbolies* of *Fame*.

See

See how the *Guardian-Angel* of our *Isle*
Receives the *Deify'd Champion* with a Smile!
Welcome, the *Guardian-Angel* says,
Full of Songs of *Joy* and *Praise*,
Welcome Thou art to me,
And to these Regions of *Serenity!*
Welcome, the winged *Quire* resounds,
While with loud *Euge's* all the sacred Place a-
(bounds.

FINIS.